

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

CLINTON T. BRANNARD.....President and Editor

PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING BY

The Washington Herald Company

409-417-419 Eleventh Street Phone Main 3300

L. M. BELL.....Publisher
R. G. BRYAN.....Business ManagerFOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES:
THE BECKWITH SPECIAL AGENCY
New York, World Building; Chicago, Tribune Building; St. Louis,
Post-Dispatch Building; Detroit, Ford Building; Kansas City, Mo., Bryan
Building.SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY CARRIER:
Daily and Sunday, 40 cents per month; \$4.80 per year.SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY MAIL:
Daily and Sunday, 50 cents per month; \$4.50 per year. Daily only,
35 cents per month; \$3.00 per year.Entered at the post office at Washington, D. C., as second class mail
matter.

Ratify the Treaty.

Senator Phelan voiced the highest type of Americanism when he said:

"We acted with magnanimity in the war; we shall not assume a mean and pusillanimous part in the constructive work of peace."

Accredited as a leader of the great American movement to bar the Japanese from this country and to curb their ambitions in the Pacific, Senator Phelan was broad enough to set aside his personal feelings and take the very proper stand that the league of nations pact will guarantee to China the relief she may seek in the Shantung matter. Senator Phelan is not a candidate for President and, so far as we know, has no candidate for that office. He acted as every other Senator ought to act, free from personal ambition. He accepts the league of nations as the most helpful instrument for world peace.

No Senator has approached the true statesmanship of Senator Phelan in dealing with the treaty. His speech, unquestionably, had much to do with the defeat of the Shantung amendment, which also seals the fate of all other amendments.

Opponents of the treaty are defeated. If they had observed public sentiment they would have realized that defeat was inevitable. A few of the Senators who are placing politics above the people's interests will continue to make a fight for reservations. Their sole purpose is antagonism to the President. They know that the people want the league of nations, but having lost the fight for amendments, now hope to save their faces by putting through reservations.

While we believe that it will be impossible for the obstructors to even put through reservations, yet there is danger of some Senators treating the proposition lightly and carelessly voting. Reservations are dangerous.

The obstructors have halted a return to normal industrial and social conditions long enough. The world plays for peace. There can be no peace while American Senators play their selfish little game of politics. True, they will be made to suffer for their acts, but their political heartaches later on are nothing as compared to the suffering of the world today.

If there are Republican, Progressive and other Democratic Senators who can rise to the standard of Senator Phelan we shall speak of them as peacefully as we have of him.

Drop the idea of reservations or interpretations, gentlemen, and ratify the greatest pact in the history of the world.

Let us have peace.

Blue Sky and Sky High.

Too much "blue sky" is responsible for a very large part of the "sky-high" prices we are having to pay today for the privilege of living, in the opinion of Chairman W. B. Colver of the Federal Trade Commission.

So called "legitimate" business, Colver finds, is extending itself along lines so saturated with ozone that it is almost impossible to distinguish between them and purely wildcat, speculative financing. Stimulated by high prices and prospective high profits, many concerns are issuing securities to cover extensions and developments on terms whereby the stockholders are virtually as certain to lose, should prices ever again return anywhere near the old normal, as if they sunk their savings in a "duster" in some mid-Western oil field. If the stockholders do not lose, the public is bound to, for it will be required to pay a return on millions that never represented productive capital, and thus help prop up the whole structure of inflated prices.

"Just the other day in New York," Colver cites in substantiation of his claim, "a substantial, going business concern, needing money, got it on these terms:

"It issued its securities, which were taken by the underwriters at 30. The underwriters passed them on to a syndicate of subunderwriters at 53—a profit of 76 per cent. The subunderwriters passed them on to brokers at 82—a profit of 54 per cent. And the brokers passed them on to the public, to you and me and the man on the street at par—a profit to the broker of 22 per cent."

"When the investor, eschewing anything that appeared like 'blue-sky' securities, read the prospectus of a going concern in legitimate need of funds for expansion, and chose those securities, he did not know that out of his \$100 only \$30 would reach the concern in which he thought he was investing and that \$70 of his \$100 would never become productive invested capital."

"Transactions like that are not going to lower the cost of living."

"Everything has been said that can be said on every vital subject," declares Colonel House. Tell it to the Senate.

A Real Hero.

Our idea of a 1919 peace-time hero is Rudolph Brenck, of New Britain, Conn., who doubled his family of eight children by marrying Mrs. Annie Newfield, mother of another eight children.

Thus starting their new matrimonial venture with sixteen children in the family.

In these days of high living costs the undertaking of feeding, clothing, educating eight children is a man's-sized job. Doubling the task is an achievement worthy of the superman.

Also, while we are distributing medals to Mr. Brenck let us hand a few to the new Mrs. Brenck, who will sew, mend, darn, and do a thousand and one things for sixteen instead of eight.

Surely peace has her heroes—and heroines!

The reason the Japanese can't understand our policy in Siberia is because they can't see where we expect to get our profit.

Meat As Usual.

Cattle, sheep and swine in nine European countries have decreased, according to statistics just published by the United States Department of Agriculture, "but have increased in other countries, including the United States, so that the present situation with respect to numbers is very much the same as before the war."

That means there are as many meat-producing animals in the world today as there were when the war began. Prices, however, do not indicate this. What prices do indicate is that producers, packers, retailers have lost sight of the "law of supply and demand."

NEW YORK CITY

By O. O. MCINTYRE

New York, Oct. 17.—It is possible that the future theatres in New York will be without galleries or second tiers. That foot-stamping, howling, whistling gallery god of yesterday is no more. He either sits down in the balcony or in the orchestra, or he goes to the movies. Several theatres have already closed their galleries due to the lack of patronage.

Shuffling, pushing, good natured lines that formed in the back alleys to applaud the marcelled hero and frail heroines from on high simply do not form now. They enter the marble entrance, out front and perhaps wear a silk topper and an evening suit.

There are many reasons for the decline of the gallery's popularity. The beginning came with the fall of the ten-cent-theatre where the villain pursued her through the five acts beginning in Old Mac's under Brooklyn Bridge, scurrying through the halls of Chinatown, and ending up at the old farm—just at sundown, when faithful old Joe takes her back in his arms.

These melodramas were a lot of fun. They gave cause for cheering and whistling and hissing. But with the advent of the problem play things were different. No self-respecting gallery god could cheer a snappy epigram or whistle at a Shavian come-back from the heroine.

So the gallery god turned to the movie and you will find him there almost every night, and he is much happier. He can take his girl and not be ashamed as he was in the gallery—and he can hold her hand all through the five reels.

The gallery gods, too, were composed mostly of young clerks, messenger boys, errand boys, and all sorts of young men taking their first grip on the hustling world. Salaries in those Horatio Alger days were \$4 per week—now the same type of boys get \$15 and \$20. So they can sit any place they please if they prefer the so-called legitimate to the moving pictures.

He is an old time copy-reader on Park Row. Years and years in the City Room have furnished deep lines in his face and whitened his hair. The young reporters smile at his extreme over-carefulness and call him "Methuse."

They do not understand why he calls them over the seven times on a single "take" of copy to say: "Are you sure of the name and address?" "Is that just what he said?" "You are certain there is no liberty?" It does seem like excessive over-zealousness, but wait until they grow old on the copy desk and they will understand "Old Methuse" has a wife and six children and he's paying for a home over in Jersey. Every man who grows gray in the newspaper service has the same haunting fear—the fear of the Blue Envelope. All it is, it is a young man's game and the older men realize they have to fight every inch of the way to hold their jobs. A mistake—well, perhaps no one else will want him.

I am always impressed when I enter the perfumed atmosphere of Fifth Avenue by the gorgeous names of the dressy establishments there. On top of a bus the other afternoon I jotted down some of them in my note-book. Here they are with no changes: Dorothy; Marion; Mabel; Lady Jane; Mme. Francois; Henri; Mabel Sarah Rosenblatt; Paris; Jonas; Maynaka; of Pekin; Dashi Salom; of the Mohja; Mogabgabab and Edith Smythe.

Seen on the gravel path around Central Park's reservoir: "A red head" girl walking in her stockings. Pay Painter and a wolf-hound. Lilian Russell's husband throwing crumbs to the ducks. Copeland Townsend and John McK. Bowman. A waiter, walking fast. A stray three-legged cat.

How long will it take some of these butter States to be battered to pieces?—New York Evening Sun.

The first job for the Washington conference is to show the American people that it means business.—Charleston News and Courier.

Next month, when the people celebrate Thanksgiving, they will feel that being alive is about all they have to be thankful for.—New Orleans States.

It is certainly tough on the White Sox, getting \$3,500 apiece for losing the series.—Syracuse Post-Standard.

Secretary Lane is an unusual man; even the opposed-to-everything politicians seem not to have anything against him.—Milwaukee Journal.

"Americans will open a large beer and stout with an Jamaica." After a large and stout brewer if it is to compete with Jamaica rum.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It wouldn't surprise us in the least for Albinus to back to Belgium and propose a republic.—Waco Times-Herald.

Two and three-quarter per cent is what might be termed a malcontent.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Wilson Will Get Well, Says McAdoo.

William G. McAdoo, son-in-law of President Wilson, said last night at a rally for the Actors' National Memorial Day in the Lambs Club:

"As a result of the President's great labors and cares, he has been stricken with an illness which, although serious, I am sure he will emerge from well again."

"No greater calamity could befall the world than a fatal outcome of his illness. It is my humble judgment that this is today the greatest calamity which has befallen the world."—New York World.

Remarkable Remarks.

Gene La Motte—Does your husband tell his troubles to the manicurist instead of the policeman?

Dr. Estelle M. Bertine—Our women are afraid that they will lose their popularity with men if they exercise.

Bernard Shaw—The longer I live the more I am inclined to the belief that this earth is used by other planets as a lunatic asylum.—Independent, New York.

A LINE O' CHEER

EACH DAY O' THE YEAR

By John Kendrick Bangs.

A SORRY PLAIN.

(Copyright, 1919, by The McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

So many deeds yet to be done.

So many battles yet to win.

Such urgent need for acts of cheer.

In making glad this earthly sphere.

What man is he who dares to find

Room in his heart, or soul, or mind,

For gladness that is a thing of no

Because, forsooth, he's afraid to do?

"SCHOOL DAYS"

By DWIG

Well, it's just time to open the doors. How many tickets did you sell? I got nine cents and a big key.

I sold tickets for two cents an six for one cent—Gosh, I betcha they'll be hoppin' and. Specially Bull Taylor. He cast on a job if costs him anything—



Barmen and Bailey

WALL STREET IS ENJOYING CHEAP PRICES FOR LIVING

Food and Many Other Articles Can Be Bought at Low Figures in New York Financial District.

(From New York Evening Sun).

Wall street, it would seem, is taking a final Leonidian stand against the profiteer. The real financier knows that anything well bought has already assured a profit; that never once did old Ben Franklin pay too much for his whistle. The Street could buy discreetly long before its late Uncle Russell established his own chair of personal economics. And the Street has not forgotten.

Food, accordingly, is cheap in the moneyed district—if you really wish to need to save and are willing to concede some temporary loss of convenience and environment.

Clothing Inexpensive.

Clothing is still inexpensive near the Federal Subterranean if you're careful to keep the linings hidden and if you bear in mind that even London garments do not always fit.

The rent problem, it's true, presents some obstacles to a frugal tenant, but nothing really insurmountable. One begins to note the difference between the habits of the joyously affluent day worker and those of the prudent financier as soon as one leaves the waterfront and enters Broad street.

And all the minor necessities of a comfortable existence, including cigars and soda water, barber service and candy, remain at ante-bellum prices.

One begins to note the difference between the habits of the joyously affluent day worker and those of the prudent financier as soon as one leaves the waterfront and enters Broad street.

Macaroni soup, 10 cents; salmon sandwich, 5 cents; veal cutlets breaded, 15 cents; an entree of ham and beans, 15 cents; rice pudding, 5 cents; baked apple, 5 cents; cheese sandwich—if you must have a full meal—5 cents; coffee, as "noir" as you wish, another nickel. Though the walnuts are lacking, there are goobers to be had at only 5 a bag.

JUST IN FUN

"That newly-rich family near us are not a bit refined." "Real cove you expect them to be when they made their money in crude oil!"—San Francisco Chronicle.

"So poor Marie was drowned. How in the world did it happen?" "The vain creature! She wore all her engagement rings when she went swimming!"—London Ideas.

The Reformer—Do you think that statesmanship in this country is on the decline? The Politician—My boy, no statesman in this country would decline anything.—Brooklyn Citizen.

under the influence of liquor. Husband—I know that he was. He gave me back the right change.—Virginia Motorist.

Mrs. White—Why, what is the matter? Mrs. Green—My husband did not return home last night and I'm afraid he's starved to death, because he had only \$100 with him.—Judge.

"How did Jim do with his new broom factory?" "It is sweeping everything before it."—Baltimore American.

OPHELIA'S SLATE.



MANY A DRIED PEACH GREW A LITTLE TOO HIGH

The End of a Perfect Day.

By the REV. CHARLES STEELZLE.

Tomorrow God will give you a fresh, new, clean day—unspoiled, unspotted.

It will be a day that never belonged to anybody else.

It will be your day, to do with as you wish.

It will be as the beginning of life to you—at least, you may make it so.

All your past failures may be blotted out, and your sins may be washed away—on this glad, new day.

The day will contain twenty-four golden hours, each hour set with sixty precious minutes.

There never was treasure so rich nor jewels so priceless, as these.

Diamonds and rubies and emeralds seem like dross beside them.

What are you going to do with them?

You may spoil them.

They are so easily tarnished.

An evil thought, an unkind word, a bitter grudge, a nasty grouch—and their beauty is gone.

Pride, anger, selfishness, covetousness, snobbishness, hatred, jealousy—and the life is taken out of them.

So here are some ways to make them shine as the first of the sun in the East to its fiery setting in the West, every precious moment will be profitably invested, in study or work or leisure.

3. To take no mean advantage of another in business or social life, being content with less honor in the sight of men so that you may have more honor in the sight of God.

4. To do some deed of kindness to another who has no reason to expect it.

5. To keep your mind so free from worry and anxiety of every kind that frowns and acowls and wrinkles will completely disappear, and smiles will radiate good cheer and happiness.

6. To hold your heart in check if great provocation should arise, so that no rough word or deed may mar the day; to be atoned for when the clouds have disappeared.

7. To do better than the law demands, in friendship, home and business.

To live one day with heart and mind and soul in tune with God—one day, just one, will make life richer than a thousand years lived in the realm of wilderness.

Such Is Life

As It Is Seen
By O. B. JOYFUL

A lot of people used to say, "Well, when the time is over, what will we do for news?" Now editors are holding. "What will we do with the news?" as it avalanches upon them.

The heroic mother who has been cooking carp and such—satisfy her sporting offspring—satisfy her hand on red squirrels and mud-hens.

And then if it isn't the clergy the deacon is likely to be made the party to some unchurched action. Usually, when it is the deacon liquor is involved.

Witness this story which was sprung for the delight of the prince of Wales up in Canada:

A stranger had hit the dominion after most of it had gone dry, and he sought a native for the location of a speakeasy.

"Nothing doing," said the native. "Unless you've been bitten by a snake."

"Small chance for me," said the stranger. "I never had a snakebite."

"Oh, but Deacon Lysander, up on the hill has a nice snake and its bite is perfectly harmless," cheered the native.

Forthwith the stranger found his way to Deacon Lysander's and asked the price of the snake and the price of a snakebite.

"Yes, I have a snake and he will bite you for a dollar," quoted the deacon. "But he is booked up six weeks ahead."

The girls of Wellesley College, confronted with this ultimatum:

"Some students smoke cigars."

"Students may not smoke while living under the regulations of the Wellesley College government."

And the girls came back with this:

No students smoke cigars.

There is no need for any anti-smoking law.

London.—In living vent to his feelings on discharge, an ex-soldier wrote to his late colonel:

"Sir: After what I have suffered it gives me much pleasure to tell you and the army to go to hell."

In due course he received the following:

Any suggestion or inquiries as to the movements of troops must be entered on Army Form 213, a copy of which I enclose."

"Sister" is a Kansas City bow-wow owning but three legs.

That is she had three legs before Dr. Ralph Harding, veterinarian, made one of cork for the dog.

Now "Sister" is the only cork-legged pup in the U. S. A.

Victor Norman, shop clerk of Seattle, Wash., insists he is the rightful Prince of Wales, and believes that sometime the British will rise up and place him on the throne.

It is easy enough to see how and why a fellow would want to be the Ty Cobb of the American League, or the Woodrow Wilson of the Peace Treaty League, or the president of a fat bank, or Jack Dempsey, or the captain of a football team, or the ice man in summer, or the coal man in winter, but why in the world should any American want to be kicking around on the British throne where a royal guy hasn't any more voice in affairs than a husband when his mother-in-law is visiting at his home?

Emmy Destinn, who resorted the alphabet came out as Emma Destinnova, has turned down an offer (so she says) to change her name to Mrs. Dinah Gilly.

The Incompatible Arguments.

Even the admirers of the present administration never had a harder job than that of reconciling the assertion that Woodrow Wilson has a monopoly of wisdom with the assurance of how successful the government can get along without him.—Philadelphia North American.

Unless They Leave the Brass Rail.

When the corner saloon is turned into a grocery store and the wife may enter it, she will never understand what was the attraction that kept the lesser half from home.—New York Morning Telegraph.

Must Turn in Statements.

A lot of these warehouse burglars are due to get in trouble with their unions unless they can prove they are getting time and half-time for the unusual amount of night work they are doing.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Round the Town

With CAPT. WALTER MITCHELL

For the sunshine of love is needed To warm the world with its light. Add to shed abroad its intelligence To bless humanity's night.

M. S. H.

Right for a Quarter.

A bunch of suburbanites were discussing the proposed increase of street railway fare and the wretched service given by the Wrecko.

WILLIAM L. HULL, who recently returned from a trip through the Middle West, said:

"It's all 'bunk' about the Washington roads being unable to operate at a profit with a five-cent fare. The proposed increase smacks of profiteering. Why, even in Columbus, Ohio, they have a splendid railway system with plenty of cars and a quick time schedule. Wages are high there, but the streetcar sells eight tickets for a quarter with free transfers and the stockholders are making good profits on their investments."

"Deacon" Has Great Capacity.

A colored man known as "the Deacon," who lives out Berwyn way has a wonderful capacity for "hoose" according to his own mission in the police court. When Clerk CAMPBELL HOWARD called out the "Deacon's" name that individual fairly leaped into the arena in front of Judge McMAHON'S platform.

He wore a broad smile of the brand that won't wear off and answered to his name with a merry "ha, ha."

He was charged with intoxication, and it was plainly evident that he had been drinking. He was still in evidence, however, and enough he informed the court that he had only drunk a gallon of Berwyn to come to this city.

"Out our way," he explained, "we has a brand old cildah wid a strong kick an' we calls it 'Prince George champagne'."

The "Deacon" was convicted and sentenced to pay a fine of \$15 or in default, 15 days at Occquan.

Story of An Editor.

A rare treat is promised the members of the Columbia Historical Society and their friends at the next meeting of that valued organization, the evening of October 21, at the Cosmos Club Assembly Hall.

My good friend, ALLEN C. CLARK, who is a living encyclopedia of old Washington, and its sturdy citizens, will present an interesting paper on "JOSEPH GALE, Editor and Mayor."

The subject of his paper was editor of one of the first newspapers published in this city. He also was Mayor of Washington according to Dr. WILLIAM TINDALL from July 21, 1827, to June, 1830.

"Pep" Is Something Great.

My good friend and comrade, ROBERT J. MILLER, lawyer, god-fellow and candidate for Republican delegatorial honors, has handed

Editor The Herald—I have just read with much interest an article in The Herald under the heading "Uncle Sam's a Profiteer on Dining Cars."

I say it is interesting because I did not know that one could buy food for the prices given by this writer.

First, let me say that the word "brained" may be found in the Standard Dictionary. Look it up.

Second, let me say that the word "dining cars" are costing the dining cars around \$7 per hundred and one and one-half pounds are allowed to the order. Figure 15 per cent loss in potatoes found unsatisfactory for food, then the overhead expense and let me know the profit, please.

The white potatoes can be figured the same way and the same amount allowed to the portion, but the cost of the article is perhaps \$1 less per hundred.

The 50-cent order of meat that costs 17 cents, assume it refers to the small steak found used at 25 cents per portion. On an average of one out of every six melons is unfit to serve and is lost.

Then, too, if a melon is cut the last thing at night is if the other don't happen to serve another meal for twenty-four hours that melon will spoil in the very best of ice boxes.

When you cut a Honey Dew into sixteen segments I want to borrow that extra large reading glass that you have on your desk, the one

with which you read that extra print, in order that I may see one of those sixteen segments plainly.

The tipping of the waiter is something that no one is to blame for except the tipper. He started it, not I.

Good, wholesome criticism is a thing to be desired, but one should always know whereof they speak.

C. A. CLARK.

The Dependable Women Jurors.

A woman jury at Picher, Okla., took just three minutes to reach a verdict of guilty and recommend a maximum fine for two married women tried on charges of disturbing the peace.

The judge now advises all Picher women to settle all their quarrels outside the courtroom, because in future he intends to call a woman jury to settle all their cases.—Capner's Weekly.

An Opank Charivari.

The newly married couple were entertained on last Saturday night by a large crowd